

William Waldorf Astor in Colors with This Number.

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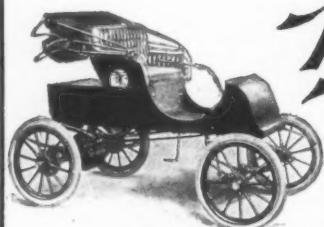


"MAG, IT'S GRAND—IT'S MORE THAN GRAND—IT'S ELEGANT!"





POPE Waverley ELECTRICS



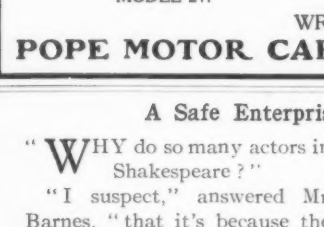
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MODEL 20.



MODEL 30.



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Indianapolis, Ind.



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MODEL 27.



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Silent Northern Touring Car
18 h. p., side entrance—\$1,700

The Northern is the *only dustless* touring car. The 24-inch Fly Wheel with fan blades cast integral, sends a strong blast of air under car toward rear, destroying the vacuum caused by the swiftly moving car, driving the dust away and perfectly protecting passengers from dust, no matter which way the wind blows.

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In addition to these advantages the Northern costs the least for maintenance, as it has the strongest and simplest mechanism of any touring car made. Fewer parts to get out of order and less to learn about operating.

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"WHY do so many actors insist on playing Shakespeare?"

"I suspect," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "that it's because they can take all the credit if they succeed, and blame the public's lack of literary taste if they fail."—*Washington Star*.

Cause for Thanksgiving.

THE following notice appeared on the notice board of a London chapel a few days ago: "Next Sunday evening the Rev. — will deliver his farewell sermon and the choir will sing an anthem of thanksgiving specially composed for the occasion."—*London Daily Mail*.

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Yankee Inventiveness.

IN a little Massachusetts town lives a man who for two causes enjoys deathless local fame. For one thing, he is the only native of the place who has been to Europe; and he, moreover, performed while there the ensuing feat, which the neighbors still recount with breathless admiration:

While in Rome the New Englander was shown a certain shrine before which burned a solitary taper.

"That taper," explained the guide in machine-built English, "that taper he has burned before this shrine seven hundred years. He a miraculous taper. Never he has been extinguish. For seven long century that taper has miraculously burn before our shrine and not once has he been—what you call—'put out.'"

The Yankee viewed the miracle candle in silence for a full minute. Then, leaning slowly forward, he extinguished the flame with one mighty "puff."

Turning with a triumphant chuckle to the scandalized and speechless guide, he announced calmly:

"Wa'al, it's aout naow!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

RAYNOR: Your wife speaks several languages, doesn't she?

SHYNE: Four—English, French, New Thought and Henry James.—*Chicago Tribune.*



Bings: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS MEREDITH IDEA OF MARRIAGES FOR TEN YEARS?

Bangs: DOES A MAN GET ANY COMMUTATION FOR GOOD CONDUCT?

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LIFE will pay at the rate of five cents a word for clever short stories, preferably not over 2,500 words in length, accepted for publication in LIFE, payment on acceptance.

Any kind of a story, so long as it is interesting, will be considered.

All manuscripts should be accompanied by a return stamped envelope and be addressed to

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Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals, affords relief and aids digestion. Important to see that it is Abbott's.



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UNION PACIFIC

This historical route traversing the
heart of the great Northwest with its
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LIFE



THE GRASPING GUIDE OF NORTH AMERICA.

Hope Springs Eternal.

'TIS said a tangled web we weave,
When *first* we practice to deceive;
But keep up hope, my patient friend,
Practice makes perfect in the end!

Nerve.

"CHICAGO," says Mayor Dunne, "is the nerve center of the country."

No doubt Chicago has nerve, but before the nerve center of this great country is located by common consent, other places will have to be heard. Topeka, for example, to mention no others, has respectable claims, at least while the Legislature of Kansas is in session.

The intellectual center, the dressed beef center, the financial center, the breakfast food center, the musical center, the religious center, these may be lightly conceded, but the nerve center is more important, touching, as it does, the very sources of our national selfhood

IT often happens that man will put himself to no end of trouble to find the key to a woman's heart, when all the time the door is wide open.

The Method of the Yellows.

THE EDITOR: From what source did you secure this story of a frightful scandal in the Oldstock family?

THE REPORTER: From their coachman.

"It would never do, of course, to quote him; so we'll say we have the news on 'the highest authority.'"

How It Happened.

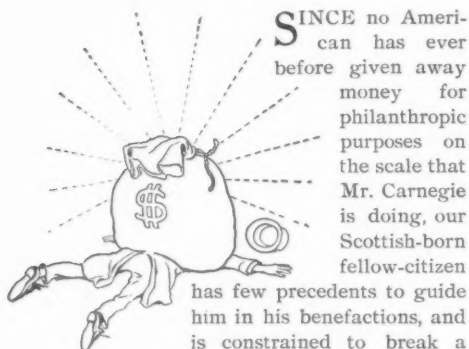
FARMER MEDDERS: Was Deacon Burlap buried from the house?

FARMER GREEN: No, from the back yard! His wife was house-cleaning!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLV. MAY 11, 1905. No. 1176.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



SINCE no American has ever before given away money for philanthropic purposes on the scale that Mr. Carnegie is doing, our Scottish-born fellow-citizen has few precedents to guide him in his benefactions, and is constrained to break a path for himself. The persistency of his zeal for disbursement is highly remarkable, and the zeal itself is penetrated with an excellent discretion. Mr. Carnegie's libraries have been scoffed at a little in some quarters, but on the whole they have been much appreciated. The libraries, however, are an old story, and it stimulates interest in the working of our friend's mind and pocket to have him take up with a new object. He never made a more popular gift, nor perhaps a more useful one, than his recent disbursement of ten millions to provide retiring allowances for college professors who are ripe for retirement. The newest need of practically all the colleges is for more money to pay their teachers. Mr. Carnegie has evidently been disposed to supply this need all in a lump. As the result of careful inquiry, he has computed that an income of half a million dollars a year would take care at present, and doubtless for some time to come, of all the college teachers who had earned retirement. He has provided that income. As he does not meddle with the State institutions, or with denominational colleges, it is estimated that his gift will be available to help out about ninety-three institutions with three thousand nine hundred persons in their faculties. This is a great help, and may be expected to have a quickening effect upon instruc-

tion all along the line, since the funds that make possible the retirement of the tired-out teachers leave their former salaries available for others. So promotion is stimulated, and that is an excellent thing.

The trustees who are to administer this new Carnegie fund will have perplexities to meet, but they will be able to meet them. When money is provided to be spent under the direction of competent men for a definite and admirable object, there is seldom any serious hitch about the spending of it. No more untiring expenders of funds can be asked for than the presidents of the colleges of this country and Canada, from whom are selected nearly all of Mr. Carnegie's twenty-five trustees.

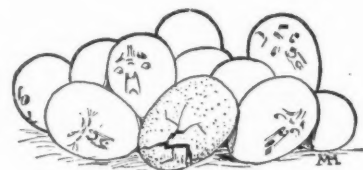


IN spite of the energy with which Mr. Carnegie assails his great problem of disbursement, calculating observers estimate that he does not do better than get rid of his income. They know that he has given away \$121,000,000 in five years, but they guess his income is about \$25,000,000 a year, and if that is so, he has only just about kept his head above water. If his best efforts are disappointing to him, we are sorry, but we do not want to intrude upon his private griefs. After all, success is not the most satisfying thing in the world. Effort is what makes us feel the best. If Mr. Carnegie succeeded in his cherished purpose of giving himself comparatively poor, who can be sure he would be fully satisfied? Would not his occupation be gone, and his chief means of enjoyment? Very likely it is best for his happiness that he should not succeed too much or too soon, but should continue to struggle as he does at present, getting ten-million-dollar chunks of relief now and then, and then departing to Skibo to recruit his energies for another effort.



HIS case is really very amusing. We are so used to it that we do not half appreciate the novelty of it.

There is a lot of humor in the idea of getting things so arranged that one can annually share the harvest of a great army of diligent producers without being constrained to share their labors. Every one who lays up some money approaches a little nearer to the position that is essential to the enjoyment of that joke. When we get ten thousand dollars ahead, it entitles us to the proceeds of about one plain man's work. A hundred thousand dollars means perpetual command of about ten plain men's energies. A million means a hundred workers; a hundred million means ten thousand workers, more or less, whose product is credited to us. There's nothing new about it. So the world has gone since time immemorial, but when the figures get very big they look odd. Mr. Rockefeller, for instance, is sometimes said to be a billionaire. If so, all the wealth that about a hundred thousand workingmen produce is credited every year to his account. And Dr. Gladden insists that the product of the hundred thousand is all bad money, and can't be given to missions because it has once been set down to Mr. Rockefeller's account! Isn't that rather hard on the hundred thousand workers who have sweated liberally to produce that money?



THE Legislature of Pennsylvania has voted to erect a statue of Matthew Stanley Quay, and confidence is felt that Governor Pennypacker will sign the bill. We hope so. Quay was the sort of statesman that the governing class in Pennsylvania delighted to honor, and it is right and proper that that class should set up somewhere a permanent memorial of its qualities. But as a precaution against the time when Pennsylvania will want to take that statue down, the Legislature should now direct their official biographer to set down the record of Mr. Quay's career as it is viewed to-day at Harrisburg.



"IT REVOLTS ME, BUT I DO IT."

Our Fellow-Citizens.

DURING an uncrowded period on the Subway recently, the following types were observed:

1. Flashily dressed young man, much jewelry; horseshoe stick-pin made of diamonds in tie; heavy gold ring set with diamonds on little finger.
2. Slender, middle-aged man; keen gray eyes; a Boston type; reading *The Atlantic Monthly*.
3. Two working girls, talking noisily; one of them carrying a copy of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.
4. Young Jewish gentleman, absorbed in financial columns of newspaper.
5. Stout German mother and daughter, discoursing loudly and heavily in imperfect English.
6. Young man of twenty-three, pale, unhealthy; incipient mustache; cigar-end in one hand; Royal Arcanum pin on coat.
7. Apoplectic old gentleman with newspaper.

8. Young electrician; grimy hands; carrying two electric-light bulbs.

9. Large black-haired policeman of somnolent appearance.

10. Individual of thirty-five or so; red necktie; bushy, yellow mustache; plaid suit; reading the sporting page of yellow journal with every appearance of intense interest.

These persons were the sole occupants of a section, from the cross-seats to the door, in a car of a Subway express. Query: Did any one of them represent the typical, well-educated, all-round American, the "average man" of to-day; and, if so, which one?

A Loony Question.

"PA," began Bobby, "may I ask one more question?"

"Um," replied "Pa," without looking up from his book.

"Well," said Bobby, "if they had clocks in the moon would they be lunatics?"

Sonnets of Schooldays.

WENN shee gets this note ile bee far away.

itts hard too go butt harder stil to stay
Ann no shee duzent luv me ennymoar.
o wenn columbus left his nativ shoar
fore thee united states no wunder hee
lookt back acrost thee dizmul waist uv see
ann sedd fairwel mi nativ land goodnite,
i no jusst how he fealt ann az i rite
this fairwel lettur thee hott teers jusst sizz
becuz mi hart is loansum just like hizz.

tooday i went arownd and sedd goodbi
Too awl thee plaisses ware we plade hi spi.
too thee dedd logg ware wee wood sitt ann ete
owr sandwiches ann rest ower weerie fete.
thenn too thee crick ware i swum fore hur hatt
Ann ware bil peerson drounded hur pett katt.
swete memmeries kum too me awl aloan
jusst like ude spilt a bottul uv colone
Ann grate sobbs shook mi mornfle brest
wenn i
sedd too um awl good bi ole seens good bi.

thee planes fore mee ware i can go ann kil
wild indyuns bi skoars ann gett mi fil
Uv bluddy deeds ann thatway ile foargett
mi urly life. ile bee a hearo yett.
thee papurs wil bee ful uv me uno
ann afturwile ile start a wildwest sho.
ile maik hur town ann shee wil go uv korse
Ann see me riden on mi bucken horse
ann holden upp thee staige. Ann shee wil see
Wot mite hav bin iff sheed bin troo too mee.

J. W. Foley.



EGG OF THE ENGAGEMENT BACILLUS ENLARGED 100,000,000 TIMES.

A Letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE,

New York, N. Y.

SIR:

While recognizing the funny satire of your paper, Christian Scientists, as well, I am sure, as all people reliably informed as to Christian Science and its Founder, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, deprecate the disposition on the part of your paper and critics in general to ascribe to her, motives akin to greed and avarice, than which no more untrue charge could be brought.

That Mrs. Eddy has reaped a rich reward as the result of her untiring efforts to inculcate the truth about God and man, which heals and saves after the manner taught by Christ Jesus and His disciples, is well known, and comes as a just reward; although reports of her income are greatly exaggerated, its only source being the returns from her own published works on Christian Science. Out of her well-earned income, she gives largely in both private and public benefactions.

It is indeed cause for pride, especially among Americans, that this lone woman could have started in the humblest way, and, although ridiculed and maligned, risen to lead a throng of earnest, God-loving people, numbered to-day by the hundreds of thousands. Through sheer force of her mighty trust in God, and a consistent declaration of her spiritual understanding of the Scriptures, Mrs. Eddy has established this new-old religion; and her followers, with gratitude born of restored health and reformed lives, rally to the standard pointed to by her, and which they recognize to be the Christ.

Thanking you for your courtesy,
Yours truly,
H. CORNELL WILSON,
Publication Committee.
NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1905.

A Toast.



TWO strangers met under such circumstances that it was nat-

ural they should fall into conversation.

"I notice," said the first stranger, "that although it is winter, you seem to be unusually warm."

"I am warm," said the second stranger. "I'm sweltering. The fact is, I have on a suit of the very heaviest underwear that money can buy. It is double thickness across the chest, and weighs about a ton."

"I notice," said the first stranger again, "that you have a slight cold. Are you doing anything for it?"

"Am I!" exclaimed the second stranger. "Am I doing anything for that cold! That makes me smile. Last night," he continued, with an air of deep pathos, "I had my feet soaked in boiling hot water. I put on a large, red-hot mustard plaster that, judging from the feeling, must have covered me from top to toe. I drank four quarts of steaming lemonade by actual measurement, and I'll bet that the blankets I slept under were at least four feet thick."

"Have something to console you," said the first stranger, as he offered him a pure Havana.



The second stranger shook his head disconsolately.

"I swore off smoking," he replied, "about two months ago."

"Have a drink?"

"I swore off drinking at the same time."

The first stranger looked at him with unusual interest.

"Never mind," he said. "It's all right, of course. But as long as you don't indulge, will you come in and watch me? I have a toast to give you."

"Certainly," replied the second stranger, looking fearfully around.

They went in and sat down.

The order was given and filled.

"And now," said the second stranger, inquiringly, "what is your toast?"

"This," replied the first stranger, as he sympathetically raised his glass. "Here's to that adorable, charming, and altogether lovely woman whom I know you must have just married."

Tom Masson.

The Philosophy of It.

A MAN was brutally beating his horse.

"Ho, brother!" said a good Samaritan. "Why do you beat the poor beast?"

"Why!" yelled the man.

"Didn't you see it rear and plunge and act like a fool when that automobile passed?"

"But you don't expect it to be wise enough to know what an automobile is and not be frightened?"

"I do expect it to know just that much."

"Then, brother, you seem to think the horse has as much sense as you have, which is an indirect admission that you have no more sense than the horse."

But the man was too enraged to reply, and again fell to beating the horse.

James Ravenscroft.

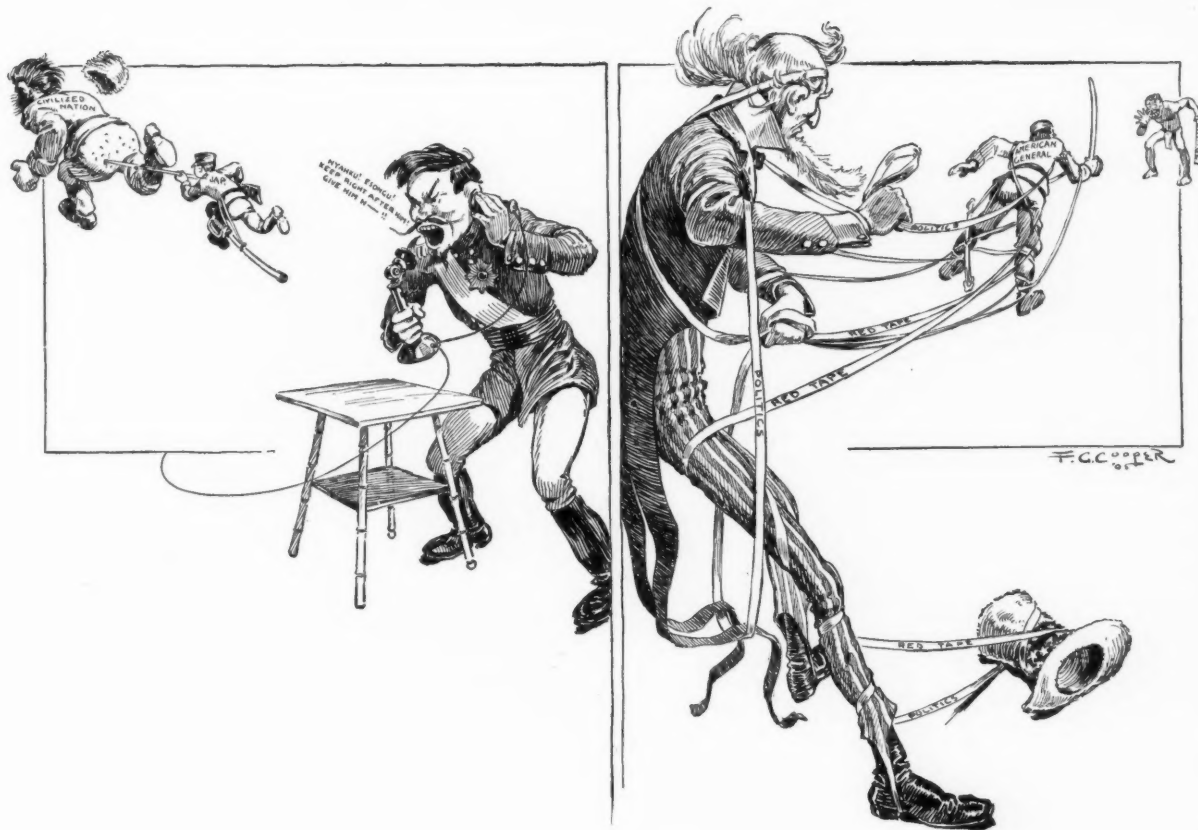
Those Indefatigable Japs.

TOM: I observed a statement in this morning's paper to the effect that Duke Knowski announces that Rus-

sia has a long account to settle with Japan.

HARRY: Yes, and it looks like a running account at that.

"IT is somewhat interesting," observed the Colonel, "to note the various ways in which intoxicants affect the various nationalities. Having traveled to a considerable extent, I have perceived that when a Frenchman has had too much, he wants to dance; a German to sing; a Spaniard to gamble; a Britisher to eat; an Italian to brag; an Irishman to fight; and—an American to deliver a speech."



A COMPARISON.

Hated for His Virtues?



A MOST unfortunate philanthropist is President Haines of the S. P. C. A. That a professional benefactor should become an object of suspicion, even among a few, is lamentable. But when this suspicion becomes an epidemic, then indeed does the recipient deserve our prayerful solicitude. That Mr. Haines is utterly bad we refuse to believe. Even Caligula had his virtues. But, then, we do not know how Caligula would have disported himself as president of the S. P. C. A. He might—you never can tell—but he might have aroused more widespread indignation and disgust than the unquenchable John P. Haines. However, he—Haines—must have friends somewhere.

In the meantime there seems to be a lusty conviction, among those who ought to know, that the

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as administered by this gentleman, is a melancholy disappointment.

IN selecting designs for the new Philippine stamps, our Government, it must be admitted, displays excellent taste. The special delivery will show a Filipino messenger boy at one end and a volcano at the other. Singularly appropriate, certainly, and doubtless suggested by the fact that nothing short of a volcanic force could induce the American prototype to travel at the speed associated with "special delivery."

Defined.

G LADYS: I call it an automobile engagement.

MAUDE: What's an automobile engagement?

"One that starts off all right, but nobody's quite dead sure that it will be able to keep on going."

Long Idleness.

"MY poor fellow," said the sympathetic pedestrian to a beggar, "how long have you been out of work?"

"I was born in '68, sir," responded the beggar, respectfully.



MICHAEL ALOYSIUS O'YAMA.

The Song of the Little Scientist.

I'M a happy little Scientist ;
 The lady told me so ;
 There's no such thing as suffering—
 And 'course she ought to know ;
 I can throw stones at the robins,
 I can cut off Rover's tail ;
 You see 'twon't be *my* error
 If the wicked creatures wail.

Oh, I love to be a Scientist ;
 I think the Truth is fine ;
 There's no such thing as hurting folks,
 They're sinful if they whine ;
 I can punch my little sister,
 And if she starts to bawl,
 I'll tell her, " Don't be thoughtless,
 For there are no aches at all."

It is good to be a Scientist ;
 I'm glad I'm one, you bet ;
 And when a snowstorm comes along,
 Then I'll be gladder yet ;
 I'll plunk balls at that lady,
 Just as hard as I can throw ;
 But she won't feel 'em hit her,
 For she's conquered pain, you know.

The Trust Star's Catechism.

- Q. WHO made you ?
 A. The Theatrical Trust.
 Q. What is the chief end of stars ?
 A. To work for and glorify the Theatrical Trust forever.
 Q. Do you believe there is any such thing as dramatic art ?
 A. I believe there is such a thing as theatrical art.
 Q. Of what does it consist ?
 A. Making the public see stars.
 Q. What is your ideal of dramatic art ?
 A. To own an automobile.
 Q. Do you know anything about acting ?
 A. Certainly. I spent three months in a school of expression.
 Q. Have you a soul ?
 A. Not now.
 Q. Can you read and write ?
 A. I can read the Trust's periodicals, and sign the receipts for my salary.
 Q. What is the purpose of the public ?
 A. Cheerfully to pay three dollars to see me act, and never to read adverse criticisms of Trust shows.

IT is not always the pessimist who takes the worst view of everything. There is the Amateur Photographer.

LIFE

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ALBERT
LEVERING

WILLIAM WALDORF
ASTOR, Englishman

A New York Love-Letter.

YOUR favor of the 29th,
My love, before me lies;
From what you wrote
I duly note
You're well; if not, advise.

Again referring to your face,
Find little there to blame;
It is not bad—
Would further add:
I rather like the same.

Confirming sighs of recent date
(When in the dark we sat),
Will you be mine?
Please drop a line,
In answer.

Hoping that —
Thomas R. Ybarra.

Omission Inexcusable.

PETULANTLY, we called for our new young man and rebuked him severely for the quality of his advertisement of our summer resort.

"But," he faltered, "I have included every possible inducement known to the experienced announcer."

At this, we sneered openly.

"Matchless vegetables, fresh from our own gardens"—

"Well?"

"Clear spring water"—

"Ah!"

"Boating, bathing, fishing and sailing"—

"Yes?"

"Dancing every evening in the grand ball-room"—

"Um."

"Tennis, croquet and golf"—

"So."

"Ideal surroundings for the enjoyment of a vacation.' What more is to be added?"

"Young man," we said sternly, "you have omitted the essential consideration, without which no summer resort 'ad' gives out the true ring."

"I cannot imagine an oversight."

"You have made no reference to the fact that guests find it nightly necessary to sleep under two blankets, during the warmest weather in town."

Shamefacedly, our young man took his hat from the peg and silently faded away.

W. W. A.



FOURTH OF JULY OUGHT TO BE APRIL FIRST.

Parents, Attention!

THE glorious Fourth is coming! Are your children well developed, strong, vigorous?

Do not let this fact interfere with their celebration of Independence Day.

Remember that Patriotism should come before physical health.

And how can Patriotism be better expressed than by contributing to the manufacturers of fireworks, and making as much noise as possible?

"A short life and a fiery one" is the motto of every American child on the Fourth. Every child

should be provided with a large box of Chinese firecrackers, a cask of torpedoes, a brace of breech-loading cannon and a quiver of toy pistols.

Last year we did pretty well, but this year we ought to beat it. Last year about 450 children were maimed, crippled for life or actually killed on the Fourth. This year why not make it double?

Every parent should begin about one month before the Fourth to arouse the enthusiasm of his children. What's a few arms, legs and eyes compared with keeping up the statistics?

Cause and Effect.

DE RUYTER: Here's a statistical publication that says there's a county in Nevada that is entirely free of debt.

VAN RENSSALAER: Does the publication say how the people got rid of their politicians?

A Suggestion.

FIRST EQUITABLE AGENT: Of course we want to get rid of Hyde; but how can it be done? He hasn't violated any law.

SECOND AGENT: Well, I don't know. Couldn't we hold him for exceeding the speed limit?



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THE PUPIL
A CANDIDATE FOR GRADUATION



THE PUPIL.

CANDIDATE FOR GRADUATE HONORS.



Remembered.

I THOUGHT you had forgotten me; life seemed
A winter waste, a stretch of cold gray skies.
When you had written, joy tears in my eyes
Through love's clear light, in arching rainbows gleamed
Across the April buds of years to be;
The birds came back to last year's nests, with cheer,
And sang that love was true, spring always here;
Life bloomed anew, for you remembered me.

Emma Klayter Seabury.



With Shakespeare as a Stalking Horse.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is like Artemus Ward's kangaroo in so far as he is "an amoooin' little cuss!" And as a securer of advertising by devious means he can certainly put the late Phineas Taylor Barnum many lengths in the rear. For this purpose he has lately been making generous use of the literary reputation of Shakespeare. There is no denying Mr. Shaw's cleverness, either as a writer or as a self-advertiser. We Americans who think we discovered the art of advertising, and who are apt to think the Briton a stupid fellow, might profitably take a few lessons from this particular Briton. Says he to himself, says he: "What is the quickest way to attract attention to one's self? Why, by smashing an idol. And what is the biggest idol of the entire Anglo-Saxon race? Why, Shakespeare, of course; so I'll take a fall out of Shakespeare." And he proceeds to do it; that is, he makes a number of sweeping statements, all of which attract attention by their apparent irreverence, and to the credulous mind seem to be uttered by one having authority and to be serious in their import.

It will be a comforting fact to those who have been disturbed by Mr. Shaw's recent utterances to learn that at Lloyd's there has, since their delivery, been no advance in the rate demanded to insure Shakespeare's reputation against the attacks of professional iconoclasts.

Those who know something of the trend of Mr. Shaw's mind are only amused. They find him taking the same liberty of which he accuses Shakespeare, "to impress ignorant people (*sic*) with every possible extremity of fantasy and affectation." It is not to be believed that ignorant persons are going to be deeply impressed by any charges Mr. Shaw may make against Shakespeare, because it is not likely that ignorant persons even know who Mr. Shaw is, notwithstanding his talent for advertising. Those who are moderately ignorant and take Mr. Shaw seriously are also of the kind who are steadfast in their beliefs and are not to be disturbed by the casual idol-shatterer. Therefore, there is no particular harm done to Shakespeare, nor to any one else, except in so far as those who read Mr. Shaw between the lines

may be led to believe that his extravagant extolling of his own abilities by comparison with those of Shakespeare may indicate that the admired author of "Man and Superman" may be afflicted with the early stages of what the French call *folie de grandeur*. Brilliant minds like Mr. Shaw's are none too common, and it would be a serious misfortune to the world of letters if a cloud should fall upon that unusual intellect. But, with our firm belief in his shrewdness and knowledge of the frailties of the rest of mankind, it is easier to imagine that Mr. Shaw knows exactly what he is doing, and we smile with him.

AS a criticaster of Shakespeare, Mr. Shaw evolves certain theories with reference to the naming of the Bard's plays which are a direct outcome of the modern playwright's enlarged ego. Because Mr. Shaw has fun with his public when he christens his socialistic-dramatic essays, he therefore infers that Shakespeare did the same thing. "As You Like It," for instance, we are informed, was the title given to what Shakespeare considered an inferior work, simply to slap the public of his time in the face for not admiring plays which the author considered better. This is an ingenious theory, but the only basis of fact for it is that Mr. Shaw has used some of his own later plays as weapons to flay a public which did not support some of his earlier ones. Arguing from the less to the greater is not of necessity illogical, and, if we took Mr. Shaw seriously, it would be worth while to attack the correctness of his premises. As it is, it is more enjoyable to laugh with him, because we are thoroughly on his side in the case of Shaw vs. the British playgoer.



OUR sage friend, the New York *Evening Post*, has at last awakened to the fact that there is such a thing as a Theatrical Trust and that its influence on the American stage and dramatic art in America is, to put it gently, deleterious. For some years LIFE has been calling this fact to the attention of the *Post* and of the world at large. Tardy though our well-mannered contemporary may be in some of its discoveries, it voices them very well, as will be seen by the following extracts from one of its recent editorial pronouncements:

When there are not enough foreign plays to go round, the deficiency is supplied by a few domestic playwrights who have been fortunate enough to enjoy the confidence of the syndicate since its inception. For outsiders there is very little chance, simply because there is no market for them.

The Trust dominates the theatres, selects the pieces that go into them, owns the men who write them, and, as a matter of course, the actors who perform in them.

A dictatorship of any kind, to be beneficial, must be able, wise and benevolent. Which of these qualifications has been manifested by the administration of the Trust? What has it done for the art which it has taken under its tutelage?

By its artificial creation of stage reputations, it has grossly debased all former standards of acting.

By its prolonged neglect of the imaginative and literary drama, it has made the proper performance of it almost impossible.

There is not to-day a single first-class actor of tragedy or of the older comedy in the country. Such sound, all-round players as remain to us are survivors of a preceding generation. The vast majority of our younger and even of our middle-aged performers can neither move nor speak except after the manner of their personal and daily habits, simply because they have had no incentive to learn even the rudiments of histrionism.

Elocution is almost a lost art, actual impersonation is scarcely dreamed of. The very meaning of the word "interpretation" seems to be unknown. Credible report says that the prominent members of the Theatrical Trust are rich. Their intellectual and moral calibre has been exposed mercilessly in this court squabble. It is plain that



"JANUS, THE TWO-FACED."

A SUGGESTION FOR A MURAL DECORATION IN THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

their one motive has been that of immediate gain by the crudest and most short-sighted methods. They have had no thought either of the interests of theatrical art or of the theatrical profession, or of anything save the accumulation of money. But to achieve this end they are surely but slowly killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, by alienating the public on which they depend.

Unhappily, the condition of the theatre—an institution which can never be wholly suppressed—is a matter of the gravest public importance. Whatever may be its powers for good—and its devout supporters believe that it ought to be and might be, as the embodiment of all the arts, one of the most potent educational influences in a well-organized state—there can be no question concerning its infinite potentialities for mischief.

It is monstrous that in a country in the forefront of civilization it should be merely a speculative device for money-making, a commercial pander to the lower instincts of humanity. From year to year it is becoming more inane in its trivialities, more audacious in its indecencies, until a latter-day comedy is as unclean in spirit as some of the Restoration pieces. No other result could be expected from the directorate of a body of men, anxious only to please the majority, uninfluenced by artistic sense or aspirations, and quite unconscious of public responsibility.



seats fifty-five hundred persons. Up to the date of the present issue of

EVERY one is wondering how long the present crowded attendance at the Hippodrome can continue. Ever since that institution opened its doors, it has been packed to its utmost capacity day and evening. It is such a tremendous place that at first glance it would appear that before very long it must have used up the entire show-going constituency of New York, as well as the show-goers among the visitors to the city. A brief calculation will demonstrate that it will be a long time yet before the Hippodrome need fear that it will have reached the total of its possible visitors. The big house

LIFE, it has been open just one month. Eleven thousand attendants a day, six days a week, would give a total of only a little over a quarter of a million of persons, making no allowance at all for the large number who have gone more than once. The entertainment at the new place of amusement appeals to all classes and especially to the masses. It is enjoyable to the person of fashion or culture as well as to the most newly-landed immigrant, who knows no language save the jargon of the East-side Ghetto or the Italian of Mulberry Street. It appeals to all ages, and to the lean as well as to the opulent purse. Therefore, it can draw on the entire population of New York and the surrounding territory, a population which runs up into two places of millions. Every visitor to New York is bound to see it, and this element is almost large enough to fill the house nightly. Even without a change of bill, it would seem that the Hippodrome might continue to be crowded for many months to come, but its managers are continually introducing new features which call for another visit from those who have already seen the original performance. So that big as the Hippodrome is, there seems to be no immediate danger of its exhausting its possible and probable patronage.

Metcalf.

An Old Query Answered.

"WHERE, oh, where, are the Hebrew children?" According to the latest enumeration, there are something more than three-quarters of a million of them on the island of Manhattan.

The Busy Baron.

MISS STOCKSANBONS: I thought I saw the Baron come in. Where is he?

MR. STOCKSANBONS: He has just had an interview with me; and at present he is in the library trying to figure out whether he loves you or not.

Modern.



THE Blue Thunderbolt and the Yellow Death were discussing sport in the garage one evening. "The real object of all this legislation regarding our speed limit," remarked the Blue Thunderbolt, "is for the protection of game. Now, when game is so ridiculously abundant as it is in this country, why on earth preserve it?"

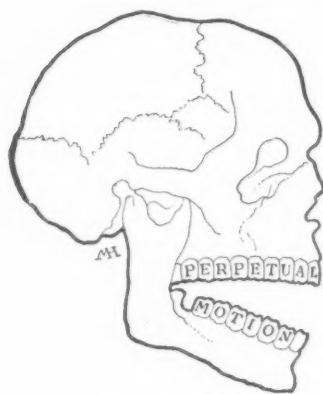
"My view, exactly," replied the Yellow Death. "Had any sport to-day?"

"Fair. Caught one old man on the wing. Gee! But it was fun to see him dodge! Then I ran down two women. Rather a messy job, though. What was your bag?"

"Miserable," grumbled the Yellow Death. "Only three children. I came around a corner suddenly, and caught them before they had a chance to run."

"Oh, well," said the Blue Thunderbolt, cheerily, "you've got to take your chances in bringing down big game; and thank goodness! there's lots of it. The population of this country is over seventy million souls."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.



THE voice of the pessimist is heard in the land crying despairingly in public places that Art is dead and that Literature is being smothered in her own books; yet for our part, while such hopeful symptoms are present as Mrs. Humphry Ward's new work, we refuse to order mourning. *The Marriage of William Ashe* is a novel of English society and official life of our own generation by the author who has made this field her own to the eclipsing of all other aspirants. Moreover, it

contains Lady Kitty, and Lady Kitty, as far as one can judge upon short acquaintance, seems the most noteworthy heroine of English fiction since Becky Sharp. It is hardly necessary to add that Lady Kitty is not to be summed up in a sentence; or that Mrs. Ward, in a thick volume, has only awakened and directed our imaginations; or, indeed, that for those to whom the Bethesda of art is but a mirror in which to gaze at pretty reflections, the troubling of the waters is a barren miracle.

There has been much criticism leveled at Mr. Kipling for what has been called his fondness for wallowing in

technicalities. Of course this view is comprehensible, although one is inclined to distrust the breadth of that sensibility which is blind to his underlying powers of idealization, proclaiming the poetry of pistons and the personality of steel. Some of Morgan Robertson's stories in *Down to the Sea*, however, are apt illustrations of the views of these critics. Mr. Robertson, apparently, is letter-perfect in maritime technology, from the t'g'll't t'ps'ls of the old régime to the gaskets and thrust-bars of the new, but his stories have more artifice than atmosphere.

The Lodestar is a piece of pleasant fiction by Sidney R. Kennedy, and any one who picks it out to read of a summer's day will probably be glad that he did. The heroine is attractive because she is young and a man is in love with her. The hero is interesting because he is a good fellow and loves a girl. For the rest, it is a story of to-day about the kind of people we all know.

The illustrator, the designer and the bookbinder have done their best to give the attraction of color and the appearance of importance to George Barr McCutcheon's very unimportant little story, *The Purple Parasol*, a comedy (the word is used as a technical term, and not as a description) which turns upon a mistake in identity during the search for evidence in a divorce case. This sounds as if the book might be very bright and very naughty, but it is neither.

On the basis of the author's assertion that all his stories are true stories, *The Yellow War* is tremendously interesting. It gives, as he intends that it shall, vivid glimpses of the actualities of modern fighting, and while as fiction these stories would be forgotten as soon as read, as the real thing (by the author's assertion) they dwell in the memory.

A collection of Chinese stories by one H. L. Norris, which appear under the title of *Rice Papers*, would seem to have been modeled to a certain degree upon the *Arabian Nights*, and to be intended in a fanciful and semi-humorous form to embody a foreigner's conception of Chinese character. The fancy is heavy-footed, however, and the humor, if humor is intended, somewhat brutal. "A bad liar," says the Chinese proverb, "is a better companion than a deaf-mute." Several of these stories make us doubt it.

Foster's Practical Poker is an extremely handy and helpful manual by R. F. Foster, the English card authority. It analyzes and explains the mathematical basis of Poker, gives an interesting historical sketch of its evolution, and deals most lucidly with that evasive but all-important side of the game, its psychological generalship.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Down to the Sea. By Morgan Robertson. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Lodestar. By Sidney R. Kennedy. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Purple Parasol. By George Barr McCutcheon. (Dodd Mead and Company. \$1.25.)

The Yellow War. By "O." (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

Rice Papers. By H. L. Norris. (Longmans, Green and Company. \$1.50.)

Foster's Practical Poker. By R. F. Foster. (Brentano's. \$1.50.)



GLIMPSES OF SOME AMERICAN HOMES.

A BRIDE'S RECEPTION ROOM.

There Is Balm in Gilead.

I'D love to be a Baptist and with the Baptists stand,
 A rebate in my pocket, an oil-can in my hand ;
 Yet were I John, *the* Baptist, with oily aureole,
 I hardly think I'd blow myself to save the heathen soul.
 John's soul is altruistic, his sympathies are wide,
 He loves to do his neighbor good, and does him—on the side ;
 Yet when he boosts up kerosene to aid some moral cause,
 He seems to grease the hinges of a million angry jaws.
 John's money may be tainted, but then that sort of taint
 Seems only soul-disturbing to a Congregational saint ;
 The Baptist brother's conscience is firm but never rash ;
 He may rave at rum and raiment, but—he never shies at cash
 My charity is broad enough to scorn that moral din
 Which says that restitution atones for no man's sin ;
 I feel that restitution relieves the burdened soul,
 And—pitying—make my pocket that restitution's goal.
 How sad, how vain, how wasteful this vaulting moral pride,
 Which hotly holds that tainted cash should sternly be denied.
 I would not pain the feelings of e'en a millionaire ;
 And John D.'s white man's burden I cheerfully would share.

L'ENVOI.

The clamor of the righteous disturbs no soul serene ;
 The raging of the heathen excites no Christian spleen ;
 The stricken meek and lowly can turn the other cheek ;
 For the man who lands the lobster can afford to eat the leek.

Joseph Smith.

Two Babies.

THE home baby and the hotel baby met on the north-east corner of the park entrance.

"I am surprised," said the hotel baby, "to see the way you dress. Are you not aware that those loose gowns are no longer in vogue in the best corridors ?"

"Oh, I just slipped this on, lounging around," said the home baby. "Nothing like being comfortable, you know."

"I suppose," said the hotel baby, "that you would never hesitate to sacrifice good form to comfort. With me, it's different. I have to maintain a certain standing. My mother, for example, never dares to go down to the table without her full complement of rings on. It is just as necessary that I should preserve the family appearance."

"Dear me," said the home baby. "How tiresome. Can't you sneak away at times down the coal hole, or out in the back alley and let yourself loose ?"

"Never !" said the hotel baby, with dignity. "Somebody is always watching me."

"I tell you what you do," said the home baby ; "you come home with me. The outside world cannot see us there. We'll kick up our heels and just have a real good time."

The hotel baby drew himself up to his full height.

"God will see us," he said reproachfully, "and you know, you little unregenerate heathen, that He doesn't approve any more of people who live in homes."



A KISS DEFINED.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison, and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

The only really agreeable double-faced action under the sun—or the moon, either.

The thunder-clap of the lips which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

That in which two heads are better than one.—*Tit-Bits*.

A FRIEND OF BILL ADAMS.

William Bowsprit, able-bodied seaman, had just returned from a voyage in a cocoanut ship, and was retailing his adventures to his pals.

"We were loading up with nuts at a little island," said he, "when our diver, who had gone down to get some winkles for tea, reported that the sea had washed away the under part o' the island, an' it was only held down by a few roots. Our skipper at once had it cut adrift; an' takin' the blessed island in tow, we started off with it, cokernut trees, monkeys, an' everything.

"The cap'n's idea was to bring the island home an' anchor it in th' Thames, or somewhere, an' exhibit it at a tanner a time, as a sample o' th' British dominions beyond th' seas, as you might say."

"Lor', lumme!" gasped one of the listening lubbers.

"We got as far as th' Bay o' Biscay all serene," went on the mariner, "when wot should we meet but the Baltic Fleet, an' thinkin' it was a disguised Japanese crooser we had in tow, I'm hanged if them drunken loonatics didn't blow our little cokernut island into smithereens with a torpedo! Rough luck, warn't it?"—*Tit-Bits*.

NEWS FROM VENICE.

George Ade recently heard that an old lady from the neighborhood down in Indiana where he was born

was in town on a visit to a granddaughter. Mr. Ade thought that theatre tickets would be a fitting attention, and on consulting her as to her choice of plays she explained that she had seen "The Merchant of Venice" over thirty years ago, and had always had a strong desire to witness it again. He accordingly looked to it that her wish was gratified.

Calling the next day, he asked her how she found that the performance compared with the one of long ago.

"Well," she replied, "Venice seems to have spruced up a right smart bit, but that Shyllock is the same mean, grasping critter that he used to be."—*Harper's Weekly*.



"YOU'RE A LAWYER, AREN'T YOU?"

"SURE!"

"WHAT'S YOUR SPECIALTY?"

"ANYTHING IN THE FEE LINE."

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota farmer, as the crowd of agriculturists seated themselves around a little table; "yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plough a straight furrow until autumn. Then he turned around and harvested back.

"We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one which he had to give a mortgage on, and I pledge you my word the mortgage was due at one end before they could get it recorded

at the other. You see, it was laid out in counties.

"And the worst of it is it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief—women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp-truck packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was going around bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?"

"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet. Up there we send young married couples out to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."—*Tit-Bits*.

WANTED THE JOB.

One of the Southern Senators recounts a conversation that once took place between a friend of his—a business man in Mobile—and a colored man who had made application for work.

"Well," said the business man, after the recital had been made of the darky's qualifications, "I should like to give you the place, but I'm afraid I can't do so, for I understand you are married. For special reasons, I desire for this place a single man."

An expression of the deepest disappointment came to the dusky countenance of the applicant. Finally, after a short silence, during which he mumbled to himself by way of reflection, he said, hopefully and eagerly:

"Well, boss, if dat's de only trouble, I think I kin arrange a divorce all right."—*Harper's Weekly*.

ADVICE.

Abe Hummel, the New York lawyer, who is known as a master of repartee, is to be credited with a new, pithy, and very-much-to-the-point retort. The other morning, accompanying a client to court, the case at issue being a breach of promise suit for damages, based on letters written by the defendant, the counselor had been giving a lesson on morals to his client, when the latter dejectedly remarked: "Oh! I know all about it, Abe; the same old song, 'Do right and fear nothing.'"

"No! no! That's not it at all," answered Abe; "don't write, and fear nothing."—*Argonaut*.

AN ENEMY.

"What a nice little boy!" said the minister, who was making a call. "Won't you come and shake hands, my son?"

"Naw!" snapped the nice little boy.

"My gracious! Don't you like me?"

"Naw! I had ter git me hands an' face washed jist because you come."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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That's All!

Hunter Whiskey

Rich in Flavor
Mellowed by Age

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



MOST PERFECT BLOCK SIGNALS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Healthful

Malt is a food, half digested. Hops are a tonic. Beer that is pure is good for you.

But beer that isn't aged causes biliousness. Beer that's impure is unhealthful.

That is why we insist on purity.

That is why we spend fortunes every year to attain it.

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded*

Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.



NO BITES.

He raised his rod and whipped the stream,
And then, when he was through,
He might remark, with perfect truth,
"This hurts me worse than you."

—New York Sun.

In a pinch—use Allen's Foot-Ease.

THAT Polish boy revolutionist who shot the governor of his province in each leg evidently knew a Russian's vital spot.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

MRS. CHADWICK was found guilty on seven counts, although she protested that she could not get justice in Ohio.—*Kansas City Star*.

In the olden days a non-fastidious sportsman frequently got along with black powder and a muzzle-loader. The shot gun *par excellence* of to-day is the Smith Hammerless, with a Hunter One-trigger; positively the very best that the finest material and expert workmanship can produce. Look it up. Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

"De man dat goes through life lookin' foh easy work," said Uncle Eben, "generally finishes by sittin' down an' blamin' ev'thing on de trusts."—*Washington Star*.

"BOBBY, here's your penny, and you must go straight to bed."

"Pa, I want more pay and longer hours."—*New Yorker*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

KNICKER: Jones and his wife are singing the "Marseillaise."

BOCKER: Yes; they are bracing up to discharge the cook.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"It was simply a question of veracity between us," said the oldest inhabitant. "He said I was a liar and I said he was a liar."

"Huh!" rejoined the village postmaster. "That's the first time I ever heard of either of you telling the truth."—*Chicago Daily News*.

HOUSEKEEPERS

know the advantage of having always on hand a perfect cream for general use. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream and being preserved and sterilized keeps for an indefinite period. Use it for coffee, tea, cocoa and all household purposes.

"LEND me your umbrella, dear. It's raining, and I've got to go to the vestry meeting again to-night."

"But, John, why don't you take the one you've been carrying for the past week?"

"What, to the vestry meeting? Why, that's where I got it."—*Philadelphia Press*.

MRS. HI FLYRE: They say that Mrs. Al de Mustard's beautiful new house is simply crowded with Murillos and Velasquezes.

MRS. JUSTIN DE BUNCH: Mercy! Has she tried pouring gasoline in the cracks and fumigating with formaldehyde?—*Cleveland Leader*.

ONE way above all others to whip a trout-stream: with a Divine rod. If the fisherman does his part well, he needn't worry about the rest of the game. Send for catalogue. Fred. D. Divine Co., Utica, N. Y.

HOSKINS: I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before and not after.

WILKINS: I know; but don't you suppose the dog has his preference, too?—*Boston Transcript*.

It's All in the Bellows

The pianist produces his effects upon the piano by means of **muscular** force, exerted by his fingers, trained by long years of persistent practice.

In the piano player, **air** takes the place of muscle; that is, the mechanical fingers of the piano player are actuated by air.

The **bellows**, which furnishes the motive power, must be exceedingly sensitive, so that the force of each stroke of the mechanical fingers upon the piano keys can be perfectly regulated by the pressure of the feet upon the pedals.

The bellows must provide the performer at all times with a **reserve** power, which will enable him to accent a note; to swing instantly from the softest pianissimo to the heaviest fortissimo or vice versa, and which will permit these things to be accomplished with the **least possible effort**.

It is because the patented bellows construction in the Cecilian Piano Player makes it possible for the performer to do these things surely, and easily, at all times, that the Cecilian is today far superior to any other piano player on the market.

Inside of the big operating bellows of the Cecilian is a small bellows with a narrow, contracted outlet. When the pedals are worked, both parts of this compound bellows are immediately put into action. As the air with which the smaller bellows is filled must escape into the larger bellows, you will readily see that the large bellows must first be exhausted before the small bellows comes into play.

The small bellows thus provides a **reserve force**, which continues to operate the mechanical fingers of the player without any loss of power, after the force of the big bellows has been exhausted.

This peculiar and patented bellows construction in the Cecilian gives the performer the utmost freedom for individual expression and enables him to produce the most delicate effects in tone coloring, with an absolutely non-mechanical touch, and also makes it possible for a woman to operate the Cecilian without fatigue.

The Cecilian can be attached to any piano, and with it, any one can play any music, without previous experience or musical knowledge. The price is \$250.00. Easy payments if desired. Write for booklet.

FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY, Dept. L

Paris, France

DETROIT, MICH.

London, Eng.

Trodden Hard.

THREE thousand years or more ago
King Solomon, both sage and bard,
Observed a fact he noted thus:
"The way of the transgressor's hard."

The question why is oft discussed,
But this solution seems complete:
The sinner's way is hard because
It's trodden by so many feet!
—Father Tabb, in *Smart Set*.

An Unanswerable Argument.

SUPERINTENDENT JOHN FLINN, of the Indian school at Chamberlain, S. D., nodded toward a prim, grave little girl. "Sometimes," he said, the arguments of children are unanswerable. You see that little girl with straight black hair tied with a red ribbon? Well, her name is Arrow. She is a chief's daughter. Her father and mother are quite civilized, and she is being brought up in a household as civilized as a Bostonian's.

"In argument it is sometimes impossible to get the better of her. She said to her mother one day:

"I wish I had a new doll."

"But your old doll," her mother answered, "is as good as ever."

"So am I as good as ever," little Arrow retorted, "but the doctor brought you a new baby."—*New York Tribune*.

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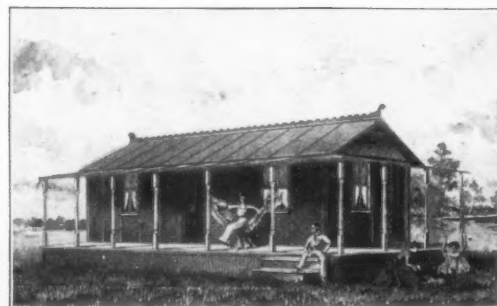
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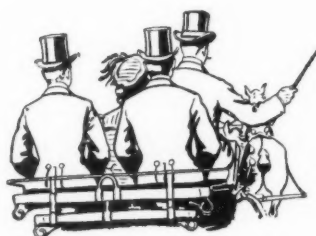


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The Wag.

HE laughest best who laugheth last.
So on the mundane ball,
The dog, who chuckles with his tail,
Must laugh the best of all.
—Houston (Texas) Post.

A High-handed Attempt to Stifle Honest Criticism.

AFTER the Court had decided that the pub-
lication of the cartoon in the interests
of human life and the rightful protection of
the people was legitimate and right in view
of the facts brought out in the case, the
Theatrical Managers' Association passed a
resolution barring Mr. Metcalfe from all of
the forty theatres which the association con-
trolled.

Here is an overt act so grave in character,
so dangerous in its influence as a precedent,
that it should not be permitted to go un-
challenged. A public journal, true to the high
demands of journalism, incurs the wrath of
certain members of a well-nigh all-powerful
Theatrical Trust. They seek to silence the
paper through a libel suit, but the evidence is
so overwhelming in its character that they lose
the suit. Then, failing to silence the press
where honest criticism is most demanded—
that is, where human life is in jeopardy—they
go into the Managers' Association and secure
the passage of the odious and un-American
resolution boycotting the dramatic critic of
LIFE.

True, the Trust did not dare to attack LIFE
and its critic thus boldly and directly. It
evidently did not feel that the American press
was yet quite complacent enough to ignore
such a high-handed outrage. So they con-
jure up a new issue and give as a reason for
barring Mr. Metcalfe from the theatres, that
LIFE has criticised certain Jews; and, we sup-
pose chiefly because the master-spirits of the
Theatrical Trust happen to be Hebrews, they
insist that because LIFE has assailed certain
Hebrews, therefore Mr. Metcalfe, the dra-
matic critic of LIFE, is to be barred from the
theatres of New York.

Here an issue is raised entirely foreign to
the real grievance. But even if the contention
were true, which is not the case, what do the
American people think of this high-handed
outrage and the precedent it establishes?
Here is the amusement-loving public of New
York in the hands of an association or group
of men arrogating to themselves the right to
bar citizens from the houses of amusement and
depriving a man of his means of livelihood,
because it is alleged that the journal with
which the party in question is associated has
assailed a certain race or some members of
that race.—The Arena.

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Dinkelspiel Takes a Shy at Bridge Whist.

MANY times in der mail I get such peculiar letters, vun of vich is dese as following vich I am quoting more from memory den from nature, dus:

Pittsbeerg, To-day.

Dear Dinky—I haf nefer met you face along-side of face, but I read you in der papers eggs-haustedly.

Mein Lieber Dinky, could you pardon der liberty I took in grabbing a two-cent stamp und chumping at a perfect stranger?

Friend Dinky, you see it on efery hand der signs dot spring is cameing und soon vill der hoarse cry of der summer resort beckon us to dot burn from vich no traveler returns mitoud getting his pocketbook pinched.

Nice Dinky, could you please visper to me how to play bridge vist so ven I go to der

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WHISKEY

AWARDED
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seashore I will be armed for defraying eggspenses?

Goot Dinky, I feel sure dot if I could play bridge vist loud enough to vin four dollars efery vunce in a vile I could spend a large bunch of summer at der seaside.

Most noble Dinky, could you instruction a luffing but perfect stranger how to play der game mitouid having to veare a mask?

Honored Dinky, I played a cubble of games recently mit a vide-faced young man who grew very playful und threw der parlor furniture at me because I trumpeted his ace. I fancy I must haf dit wrong. Der fifth time I trumpeted his ace der young man arose, put on his gum shoes und skeedickled ouid of der house. Is it not considerationed a breach of ettyket to put on gum shoes in der presence of a lady? If you please, dear Dinky, gif me some reason how to play vist. Yours fondly.

GLADYS BUDWEISER.

P. S.—Der furniture vich he threw vas not his property to dispose of.

Vell, Gladys, I doan'd know much aboutid bridge vist, but if you see anyding dot I do know, you can reach ofer und pick it ouid.

Bridge vist is played mit cards, yust like pinochle, mit der eggscaption of der beer. Not enough cards is a misdeal; too many cards is annuder, und cards up der sleeve is a slap on der front piazza if dey catch you at it.

You should not get up und dance der snak-entine dance efery time you took a trick. It looks more chenteel to dit der dance du venture.

Ven your oppositioner has not followed der suit it is not vise to pick up a loud tone of voice und tolt him aboutid it. Reach unter der table und kick him on der shins. If it hurts him he is a cheater, if it doan'd hurt him always remember dot you vas a lady.

Doan'd inquisition vot is trumps more den eighteen times during vun hant. Der limit used to be twenty-sigs times, but now der best bridge vist authorities put der limit down to eighteen.

It is not vise to haf a conniption fit efery time ven you lose a trick. Nudding looks so vorse as a conniption fit ven dey doan'd match der complexion, und chenerally dey delay der game.

Ven der game is close doan'd get an excitement und climb up on der table. It shows such a vant of refinery, eggspically if you vas not a quick climber.

Nefer vissle vile waiting for some vun to play. Vissling is not in goot taste. Go und bite ouid a cubble of tunes on der piano.

Ven your oppositioner trumpets your ace doan'd nefer hit him carelessly across der forehead mit der brickle brac. Always remember ven you vas in chenteel society dot brickle brac is eggspensive.

Doan'd lead der deuce of clups in mistaken identity for der ace of trumps, und den get mad und chump sefenteen feets in der air because dey refusal to let you pull it back.

In order to chump sefenteen feets you would haf to go through der room upstairs, und how do you know whose room it is?

Dare, Gladys, if you follow dem rules I dink you can play der game of bridge vist mitouid pudding a bruise on der Monroe Dostrine.

P. S.—Ven you play for money always bite der silfer to see if it means as much as it looks.

D. DINKELSPIEL.

Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

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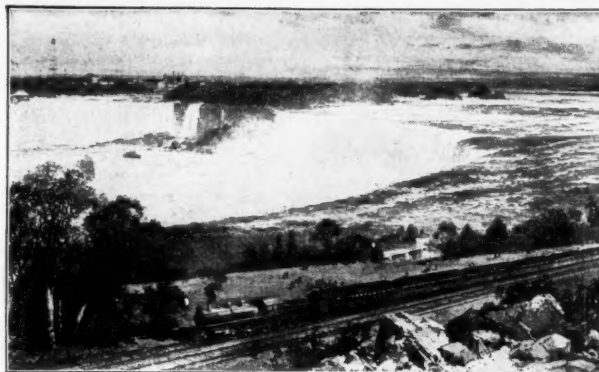
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One

Niagara



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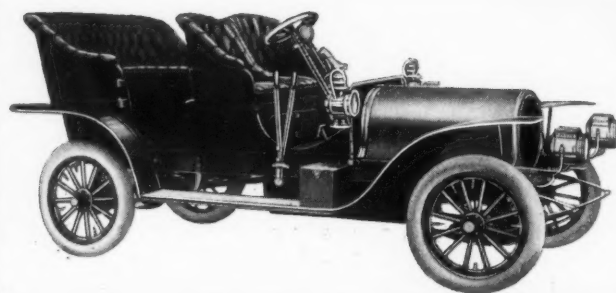
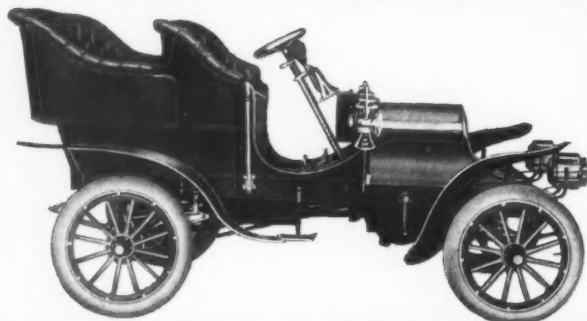
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